

## **Toxin**

I am the afterthought.  
Residing below your first framed song,  
A harmony to your wife.

An embellishment.  
Enjoyed, yes. A dancing epiphany,  
Warm in the cursory spotlight.

But the origin of love bathes in foundation,  
Smothered by your home, built up on a common ground,  
It can't be relocated.  
Even a much needed breathe is easily forgotten  
when fear crawls past your nose again.

My switch persists, sore and impatient;  
An option for the right day.  
Glued, my body defines the nadir of being.  
How little can I subsist; rewind my invention?

A benign substance to be diagnosed;  
Insistently monitored and urgently contained.  
Don't move.  
Don't molest integrity,  
You toxin.